And They Were Roommates by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

Something like panic begins to claw at the inside of his chest. The way this girl is talking to him, the way she knows how to get under his skin. Steve risks her wrath in order to take in her appearance; her long blonde curls, her ice blue eyes, the earring swaying from her left lobe, the dark mole on her upper arm, the small silver pendant hanging from her neck, the too big jeans slipping down her hips. Steve can feel his eyes widen as he sucks in a breath.
"Billy!?"

A University Roommate Magic Genderswap AU

And They Were Roommates

Author's Note:

> Well, my friends. Here we are. This is officially the longest one shot I have ever written. More than 10 000 words of University Roommate Magic Genderswap AU. This started as an anonymous prompt given to hoppnhorn on Tumblr about Fem! Billy and period sex (which I asked if I could pick up - and THANK YOU for giving me the go-ahead!) and it obviously became so much more than that. I definitely went outside of my comfort zone on this and I am so excited to be sharing it with you.
>
> I feel compelled to say, while this is set at the University of Indianapolis, in one of UIndy's actual residences, I have obviously taken liberties with this - as well as, probably, the geography of the surrounding areas. As a Canadian who has been out of school for some time, I really just tried my best, haha.
>
> This work is rated E to be on the safe side, although I personally consider it closer to M. Title has been borrowed from one of my favorite Vines of all time!
>
> Some warnings for those of you with any concerns regarding the subject matter (POSSIBLE SPOILERS AHEAD): underage drinking (as they are under 21 and in the US), some conversation of Billy being "drugged" (magic), menstruation and menstrual sex is not explicit in the gory sense.
>
> With that being said, please enjoy!

"You have *got* to be fucking kidding me."

Those are the first words out of Steve Harrington's mouth when he comes face to face with none other than his High School nemesis

Billy Hargrove. Steve had spent his entire summer with Billy out of sight and out of mind. Well, not including a few choice dreams that he's tried his best to forget, but now in living, breathing color Billy looks just as good as Steve remembers; tall and built, all tan skin and taut muscle with his stupid blond mullet still gloriously intact. Steve watches as Billy's shoulders stiffen at the interruption, as he turns to find the source. His blue eyes widen in poorly disguised surprise as they fall on Steve frozen in their doorway.

Billy swallows hard, running his tongue along his lips as his brows climb. "Son of a bitch," he says, seemingly more to himself.

Steve groans as his fingers flex around the crumpled paper in his hand. He'd been hoping it had been a misprint. A prank. Surely there were other Hargroves in the state of Indiana! "Of all the goddamn people in the fucking universe!"

"Of all the gin joints in the all the towns in the world, he walks into mine," Billy murmurs.

"What!?"

"Nothin'." Billy beams at him in a very unsettling kind of way with hands on his hips as he looks Steve up and down.

"God, I can't believe this."

"Me neither, Pretty Boy. I didn't know you got accepted anywhere," Billy drawls condescendingly as he takes a step toward Steve to snatch the paper out of his hand, ignoring the way Steve squawks at him. He gnaws on a hangnail as his eyes dart across the words on the page confirming everything that Steve had feared; that they are, in fact, roommates. Hargrove and Harrington, Cory Bretz Hall, Room 309. Freshman year just got a whole lot more interesting.

Steve snorts in reply instead of dignifying Billy with a response.

"So?"

"So what, Hargrove?"

"You need a hand with your shit?"

Steve rips the paper out of Billy's fingers and shoves it into his pocket, shrugs.

"Yeah, okay."

"Givin' in so quickly, King Steve. It's a good look on you," Billy winks as he hip-checks Steve out of his way before grabbing a gargantuan suitcase in each hand, lifting them effortlessly.

Steve sighs in a very put-upon kind of way, "I almost forgot. You never fucking shut up." He manages to push and drag the remainder of his bags into the room and the door swings shut behind him. Billy stills where he's placed Steve's things next to the empty bed closest to the door, takes a deep, quiet breath. It's odd to be here like this, Steve thinks, away from home, alone in a room with Billy Hargrove. A room that is theirs. Something about it makes Steve's skin itch.

"I, uh. I took the bed next to the window," Billy says finally.

"Yeah, I noticed," Steve replies softly.

"We can, if you want, we can switch," Billy says, gesturing toward his bed which has been made up, pillow shams and all. There are already posters on the wall above. It's almost enough to make Steve smile, Billy offering to switch with him after he's put obvious time and effort into cultivating his own space inside the room. It's almost enough to make Steve want to take him up on it.

"Thanks, but it's okay. This is fine."

Billy nods, runs a hand through his curls, "Well. I'm gonna go check out the showers, leave you to it."

"Sure," Steve says as he watches Billy throw a towel over his shoulder and swipe a little blue shower caddy off his nightstand. He would never have pegged Billy as a shower caddy kind of guy, but there you have it. With Billy out of the room Steve feels like he can breathe again. He lets himself collapse onto his unmade bed and stares at the blank, white expanse of the ceiling. If he squints it almost looks like home and there's something soothing about that.

"It's fine," Steve says out loud, because he needs to hear someone say

it. He can do this. He had had to put up with Billy for their entire senior year. What's the worst thing that could happen? Billy gets hammered and bashes his face in? Been there, done that. And this Billy -University Billy, helping Steve with his bags Billy, shower caddy Billy- doesn't seem so bad. Steve can make this work.

It's raining. The water is so cold despite being the end of August. It drips and runs down his face. He can hear someone calling his name through the storm, a voice deep and rumbling like thunder, tickling his ears, "Harrington."

"Harrington!"

Steve jolts awake with a barely suppressed screech as he's met with the sight of a very wet, towel-clad Billy Hargrove leaning over him, the blond's curls dripping all over his face, "Oh my God, what the fuck?" Steve crows as wipes his face with his sleeve.

"You fell asleep," Billy says like he's stupid. He stands up straight, which is great because he stops dripping all over Steve like an over-sized retriever who's gone for a swim, but also less great, because now the water is running down all the dips and grooves of Billy's tanned, muscular body in a way that makes Steve stomach feel funny. Like, jealous of that fine physique funny, not sexual funny. God, it's too early for Steve to be sexually confused.

"Ugh, no shit," Steve groans. His head is killing him. He squints at the window, looks like there's still daylight to burn, "Time's it?"

"Almost six," Billy answers, scanning the room to confirm that Steve has managed to get absolutely zero unpacking done while he was out, "Someone was productive."

"Oh fuck off!"

"Always knew you were a morning person, Harrington!"

"Jesus Christ, can't you turn it off for, like, a fucking second?"

Billy presses his lips together, mimes locking them and tossing a key

over his shoulder, but he doesn't bother wiping the smug smile off his face as he pads across the carpet towards his bed leaving damp footprints in his wake. Steve sits up slowly, hears more than sees Billy drop his towel, stares very purposefully at the blank wall across from his bed above his desk. Thinks resolutely of how much he has to get done before classes begin next week, and they still have to make it through Frosh.

"You hungry?"

Steve glances over at Billy, relieved he's managed to put on some pants and that he appears to be in the process of putting on a shirt. "Yeah, I mean, I could eat. You gonna head down to the caf?"

Billy shrugs as he finishes half-buttoning his shirt, "Saw a burger joint on the way in. Not too far from here. If you want."

"Sure, why not?"

"That's the spirit, Harrington. C'mon," he says, swiping his keys off his desk, "I'm driving."

It's surreal, Steve thinks, to be sitting across from Billy Hargrove like this in the too-small booth of an old diner that clearly hasn't been renovated since the 1950's, like they're friends. Billy is all smiles, gestures wildly as he talks animatedly between big bites of Double Deluxe and slurps of chocolate shake. Steve can't quite dull the glimmer of hope that cuts through the suspicion swirling in his gut. Something about University Billy seems genuine and Steve wants to believe that he's changed. Especially since he's stuck with him either way.

Over the last forty-five minutes Steve has learned that Billy's at UIndy on an academic scholarship. Billy had been accepted to loads of schools, both in and out of State, but it had come down to two deciding factors. Money and Maxine. With the Camaro in his name and a full ride secured, Billy didn't have to rely on Neil for a goddamn thing, "And I never have to see his stupid fucking face ever again." Maxine wasn't so lucky. Sure, she had her mom, which is

more than Billy had ever had, but, "I didn't want to leave leave her, y'know. She-she might need me."

It's weird to hear Billy talk like this. Like he cares. Maybe he does. Steve thinks that Max is a pretty tough little chick who can handle herself. Thinks Max would probably tear Billy a new one just for hearing him talking like this, but he understands. Steve would be lying if he said he didn't miss those little brats already. If Dustin were to call, Steve would go running. End of story.

When the bill comes Billy waves Steve off as he pulls out his wallet from the breast pocket of his denim jacket, "Fuck off, Harrington. I got it. Worked all summer for it, c'mon, lemme flash a little cash around." Steve is looking at Billy with a funny look on his face. Billy doesn't shy away from the intensity of his gaze, "What?"

"Nothing," Steve shakes his head, licks the strawberry shake from his lips, "Thanks. I'll get you next time."

"Yeah, I know," Billy replies with an easy grin.

When Steve falls into bed that night, with a belly full of burger, he's out almost as soon as his head hits the pillow. But it's Billy's soft little snore that finally lulls him to sleep.

"Party? On a Sunday night?" Steve asks he takes a sip of the coffee Billy's brought him along with bagels and cream cheese from the cafeteria for breakfast. Billy had thrown a balled up flyer at Steve's head the minute he'd come through the door, food and beverages balanced precariously on a tray in his right hand. Steve had groaned and thrown the covers over his head until the alluring smell of coffee finally made its way to his nostrils.

Billy spins around in the desk chair he's straddling, bagel hooked around his index finger as he nods with his mouth full, "Yup. What're you makin' that face for? It's Frosh Week, not like we'll have class in the morning."

"I guess so," Steve replies, brows furrowed as he takes another sip.

One cream and two sugars, he'd guess. Just the way he likes his. He wonders how Billy knows how he takes his coffee, glances at the blond with his eyes narrowed. Billy looks right back, chewing with his stupid mouth open. "Thanks for breakfast," is what he settles on finally.

"Thank you," Billy repeats a bit incredulously, "Could get used to hearing that."

Which. Is a weird thing to say, but everything about this entire situation so far has been weird. So Steve's going to let it slide.

"So, tonight. You're in?"

"Yeah. Fuck it. I'm in."

Billy had always been the kind of guy who showed up fashionably late and fashionably inebriated. It has clear, even then, that Billy takes a lot of pride in the way he looks. He likes the attention that his earrings, barely buttoned-shirt, and tight jeans command from women and men alike. It doesn't seem to matter to Billy if the attention is out of curiosity, jealously, or desire. He thrives on it regardless. But until now, Steve had never been privy to Billy's pre-game rituals.

"Jesus Christ, Billy. It's after ten! How much longer are you going to be?"

"Goddamn, Harrington. Cut me a little slack, would ya? Not all of us can wake up like this," Billy says as squirts another puff of hairspray onto his fingers and toys with the curls around his face for what feels like the millionth time.

"Oh, I'm well aware of that, given that we woke up together like thirteen hours ago."

Steve sucks his bottom lip into his mouth, worries it with his teeth as he thinks about the way it sounds to say out loud. *We woke up together*. It's not weird. They're roommates. Roommates wake up together all the time. What's weird is the way Billy is now spritzing

cologne into his hand and slipping it down the front of his jeans, rubbing in a way that makes Steve feel a little bit warm.

"Couldn't have knocked one out while I was showering earlier?" Steve quips with only a little heat.

"Who says I didn't?" Billy says with a smile, hand still moving down the front of his pants.

"Ugh," Steve groans as he turns his back to Billy and glares at the door, "You're gross. I'm driving."

"The hell you are. I am not showin' up to my first University kegger in a fuckin' Bimmer, Harrington. I'm driving, " he says, clapping Steve on the shoulder, the scent of Billy's cologne assaulting his nostrils.

"Billy, please tell me you didn't just touch me with your fucking dick hand."

"Okay. I didn't touch you with my fucking dick hand."

"Son of a *bitch*!"

Steve can still smell the heavy, spicy scent of Billy's cologne by the time they arrive at the party and he's not entirely sure if it's coming from Billy's skin or from the collar of his own jacket. He decides not to dwell on it as Billy parks the Camaro and whistles low as he takes in the sight before them. They've never seen anything like this before. They've both been to their fair share of parties, but this joint is packed. Sweaty throngs of young men and women writhing around in various states of inebriation pouring out the front doors and spilling out onto the front lawn. They can hear the music thumping from inside the car.

Steve wipes his sweaty palms down the legs of his jeans and chews on the inside of his cheek, snorts when Billy reaches over and pulls a flask out of his glove box, "Seriously?"

Billy rolls his eyes before taking a solid swig, "Ah! You want?" he asks, giving it a little shake.

"What's in it?"

"Fucking poison, Harrington," he replies, dripping with sarcasm, "God, don't be such a pussy."

"I'm not a pussy, you're a pussy," Steve grumbles lamely as he snatches the flask from Billy's hand, taking a deep pull. It tastes like fucking drain cleaner and it takes everything in him not to spit it right back out. Billy cackles and gives Steve a hard thwack on his back.

"All right," Billy says, screwing the lid back on and slipping the flask into his jacket pocket, "Let's rock 'n roll."

Billy disappears about twenty minutes into the party. Steve can't find him anywhere and this is so not what he needs, to be surrounded by sloppy, aggressive boys and obnoxiously loud, pushy girls. After another ten minutes he forgoes his tactic of "excuse me"s and slipping carefully between bodies in favor of using his elbows, using his body to physically create space where he needs it. He manages to locate Billy in the kitchen, just barely propped up by the counter.

"STEVE!"

Steve's eyes widen as he closes the distance between them. Billy looks wrecked. His eyes are bloodshot, jaw loose and slack, his chest and the front of his shirt are damp with...something. Alcohol, he hopes. Billy reaches out, grabby hands fisting in the front of Steve's polo, voice low and words slurred, "Missed you."

"Oh, Jesus."

"Naw, Billy. You 'member me?"

"Yes, Billy. I remember you. I remember that we are leaving now."

Billy whines, a loud sound that draws the gaze of more than a few smug looking seniors, "I don't wanna."

"Yeah, well. That's too bad," Steve says as he begins searching Billy's

jacket pockets for his keys.

"*Damn*, Harrington. Just can't keep your hands off me, can ya?"

Steve blushes, feels hot all over as Billy pushes into his touch managing to make finding his keys that much harder.

"Front pocket."

"I checked your front pocket."

Billy snatches Steve's hand with surprising speed and accuracy given his current state and places it vaguely over the left front pocket of his jeans, and *boy* can Steve feel a lot more than his keys.

"Oh God, okay," Steve says, slipping a finger into the pocket and successfully retrieving Billy's keys, "Can you walk?"

"Pffft, that's a stupid question," Billy snorts before taking a single step away from the counter and promptly falling into Steve's arms.

With a grunt Steve sets about manhandling Billy the best that he can, looping one of his arms under Billy's and then up and over his shoulder, fisting his collar, "Come on, you moron," he growls, urging Billy forward slowly but surely. Billy manages to shuffle along, boots scuffing up the floor as he goes, head lolling into the crook of Steve's neck, his breath hot and moist and. Steve takes a cautious sniff and frowns. He smells like cinnamon?

Steve gets Billy into the passenger seat of the Camaro, gets in behind the wheel before Billy further narrows his already narrowed gaze and pokes Steve in the chest, hard, "Hey! This is my car."

"Yup, and I'm driving you home."

For a moment it looks as though Billy is about to argue, but instead he sinks down into his seat with a wince, "Yeah, okay," he says softly, allowing Steve to buckle him in, "If I look like I'm gonna puke, you pull over and shove me the fuck out. Not doin' that in here."

"Ah, there's the Billy Hargrove I know and...well. I know." Awkward silence as the Camaro roars to life. "What happened to you anyway?

You disappeared. I've seen you fucked up before, but not like this."

Billy shrugs, "Challenged some guy to keg stand."

"Of course you did."

"Won it. Some chick lemme do a victory shot outta her belly button."

Steve wrinkles his nose.

"Tasted weird."

"Well no shit, you did it out of her belly button."

"Stop talking," Billy grinds out through gritted teeth.

"Okay."

Miraculously they make it back to the dorm without Billy losing his cookies or getting caught by campus security. Billy drops like a stone into bed. Steve frowns above Billy as he writhes around trying to shimmy out of his jacket. He looks sickly and pale, sweat beading along his hairline, above his upper lip.

"'m hot," Billy whimpers.

"I know," Steve says, even though he doesn't. He tugs the little garbage can out from beneath Billy's desk and places it at his bedside, grabs a bottle of water and sets it on Billy's nightstand. Billy's managed to wriggle out of most of his clothes in the meantime, only his opened jeans remaining low-slung on his hips. Steve swallows at the sight of his hipbones.

"Hey, Billy. If you're gonna be sick, please for the love of God do it in the garbage can."

But there is no reply. Billy is out like a light, his snoring heavier than it had been the night before. Steve paces back and forth a bit before deciding to use his extra pillow and some blankets to prop Billy on his side in case he does get sick in the night. Satisfied that he's done the best he can with what he's got he strips himself down to his boxers and climbs into bed. Without the calming white noise of Billy's

usually soft snore it feels like hours pass before Steve is able to give himself over to sleep.

Steve wakes to the sound of distinctly feminine screaming. He heart immediately jumps into his throat as he tumbles out of bed in a tangle of sheets. He manages to right himself after a moment, stumbling to his feet only to be greeted by the sight of a very alarmed, very attracted half-naked woman, "What the fuck!?" he yells, snatching his sheet off the ground and wrapping it around his own half-naked body.

The girl does absolutely nothing to cover herself as she sputters, "You what the fuck!? *Me what the fuck*!?"

It is really too early for this. Billy had been completely wasted last night. Steve has no idea how he managed to sneak a girl into their dorm after Steve had gone to bed. "Okay, you are clearly upset about something but, as you can see, Billy is not here right now. For some fucking reason. So maybe you could just get dressed and come back later..." he trails off.

The girl huffs, hands on her hips as her tongue sweeps almost aggressively across her lips. It's familiar in a way that makes Steve's stomach twist. "You really aren't the sharpest tool in the shed, are you Harrington?"

Steve frowns at her, "Hey. You don't even know me."

The girl has begun pacing back and forth, her bared breasts swaying slightly as she does. She jabs a finger at him, "Oh, I fuckin' know you Pretty Boy."

Something like panic begins to claw at the inside of his chest. The way this girl is talking to him, the way she knows how to get under his skin. Steve risks her wrath in order to take in her appearance; her long blonde curls, her ice blue eyes, the earring swaying from her left lobe, the dark mole on her upper arm, the small silver pendant hanging from her neck, the too big jeans slipping down her hips.

Steve can feel his eyes widen as he sucks in a breath.

"Billy!?"

"Winner winner, chicken dinner," she -*Billy*- growls sarcastically.

"What the fuck?" Steve repeats, knows he stuck in a loop but he can't help it, "What happened to you?"

"I don't fucking know, genius. I woke up like this," she says, gesturing at herself. Steve's eyes are drawn once again to her breasts, her tight little nipples and he shifts uncomfortably, averts his gaze.

"Can you, uh, please put those away while we figure this out?"

"What, these?" she says, cupping her breasts and giving them a little jiggle, "Oh, I'm sorry. Am I fucking distracting you!?"

The answer is yes, but Steve doesn't want to risk pissing Billy off any more given their current predicament. This is insane. They've haven't even been away from home for forty-eight hours. This is not how they were supposed to kick off their Freshman year.

"Are you okay?" Steve asks finally.

"I am so fuckin' far from okay, Harrington," Billy replies, her brows drawn up, eyes a bit damp.

"I meant, you're not hurt?"

Billy shrugs, takes a tentative look down at her body, "I don't think so. Just feels...fucking weird. Wrong." Steve watches as Billy peeks down the front of her jeans and wails, "My fuckin' dick is gone!"

And really, that's about the least weird thing going on right now. Billy throws herself back onto her bed, shoves a pillow over her face, and screams. Steve waits as patiently as he can, sits in his desk chair in his makeshift toga. When Billy takes the pillow off her face Steve can see the tears, the confusion and the fear.

"Hey, it's going to be okay. It was probably just-"

"Somethin' I ate?" she snorts humorlessly. She sits up, wipes her eyes with the back of her hand. "Whatever. I'm gonna get dressed."

Billy stands, drops her jeans without a second thought and Steve turns away so quickly he almost gets whiplash.

"Jesus Christ, Harrington. Not like you never been with a chick before," she says as she rummages around in her closet for her tightest pair of jeans and smallest t-shirt. Girl Billy is not so very different from Boy Billy, she is thick and muscular where he had been, but she still has to wear her belt a few notches tighter to keep her pants from falling down. Steve can make out the swell of her breasts behind her Iron Maiden tee, but the coverage is better than nothing. "There, I'm dressed. You fuckin' happy?"

"No."

"Well too fuckin' bad. I'm goin' for coffee," she says, placing an unlit cigarette between her lips before locating her keys on the nightstand.

"Like that?" Steve says with a frown.

"Not like I have much of a choice, dickhead. If we're gonna figure this shit out, we're gonna need coffee."

Steve can't argue with that logic.

Steve is showered and dressed by the time Billy makes it back with coffee and danishes. A part of Steve had been expecting the entire thing to have been a dream, for Boy Billy to waltz in and lob another flyer at his head. No such luck, it seems, as Girl Billy sets their breakfast down on Steve's desk and hands Steve his coffee. Her hand looks so small wrapped around the cup, in comparison to Steve's own.

"What took you so long? That coffee shop's just down the road."

Billy pulls what appears to be an apple danish out of the bag and takes a huge bite, chews loudly with her mouth open wearing a distinct 'don't fuck with me' look on her face, "Oh, I'm sorry. It's just

that I needed to readjust my seat and my mirrors because, in case you haven't noticed, I've lost about 5 fucking inches. Not including my dick."

"Right," Steve says, taking a sip of his coffee. Definitely one cream, two sugars.

"Besides, do you know much attention this body gets? I got whistled at like 5 times, and that was just leaving the building! Anyways, I got our danishes for free, so."

"So," Steve echoes, nodding.

"So, I've been thinkin', must'a been somethin' we did last night, right?"

"You mean something *you* did."

"Yeah, whatever. You know what I fuckin' mean," she says, flakes of pastry falling down the front of her shirt.

"The problem is, Billy, you fucking disappeared on me. There's good forty-five minutes where I have no idea where you were, what you were doing, or who you were with."

"Ooookay. Well, what did we do before?"

Steve thinks about Billy bringing them breakfast from the caf, about how Steve had unpacked while Billy set up the small TV and VCR his parents had sent with him. About Steve ordering pizza over the phone while definitely not checking out Billy's ass and the cute little dimples at the small of his back as his jeans rode down, bent over and fumbling with the cords behind said TV and VCR. He shrugs.

"Nothing out of the ordinary."

Steve thinks about how Billy had taken a late afternoon nap while Steve read up on this week's itinerary and his class schedule. Thinks about going down to the caf for a dinner of meatloaf and mashed potatoes before getting ready for the party.

Billy takes a slurp of coffee, washing down her danish before wiping

her mouth with the back of her hand. She looks thoughtful for a moment before she nods, "Yeah. As much as I hate to admit it, I think you're right. It had to have been something at that fuckin' party. Do you remember seein' anybody shifty? Someone who might know somethin'?"

Despite his general sobriety, Steve finds it hard to recall. It had been complete chaos. Steve can narrow it down to maybe six people he actually remembers seeing. A petite brunette puking into the bushes. Not very suspect, he decides. A tall blonde girl crying on the stairs inside the house being consoled by an even blonder friend. A little weird, but people cry at parties all the time. Which leaves the three smarmy jocks laughing it up over Billy in the kitchen.

"There might be," Steve says slowly. It's not much to go on, and he doesn't want to get Billy's hopes up.

"You gonna share with the class, Harrington?"

"It's just. There were these guys in the kitchen, when I found you. Seemed to think you being off your face was pretty fucking funny. And it wasn't Billy, okay? You could barely stand."

"Okay," she says softly, "So what, you think these guys have something to do with this? Fuckin' put something in my drink?"

"Your drink," Steve repeats, brows furrowing.

"Yeah, that's what I fuckin' said."

"No. I mean, you challenged some guy to a keg stand-"

"Fuck yeah! Did I win?"

"Yes, you won, but that's not the point," Steve says, rolling his eyes, "You told me you got to do a victory shot out of some girl's belly button. And you, uh."

"I what, Harrington?"

"When I helped you to the car you were pretty much breathing down my neck," Steve says, glancing at Billy who's cheeks have gone a little

pink, "You smelled like cinnamon. Like, strong enough that I couldn't smell your cologne anymore and you fucking bathed in that shit before we left."

"Huh," she says. Steve sits back in his chair as Billy stands suddenly and closes the distance between them, leaning into Steve's space. "How 'bout now?"

"W-what?" Steve sputters. Billy's so close Steve could count her eyelashes if he wanted to. Not that he wants to.

"Do I smell like fuckin' cinnamon now?"

Steve inhales the soft breath ghosting across his face. Billy mostly smells like coffee. But as he leans in just a bit more, sniffing along her hairline and into the crook of her neck, he can smell it again, thick and cloying. *Cinnamon*.

"I-yeah. You do. Can you not smell that?"

Billy grabs a chunk of curls between her fingers and places the ringlets beneath her nostrils, inhaling deeply, nose wrinkling. "I don't smell anything, you weirdo," she huffs releasing her curls so abruptly they smack Steve in the face. He swats at them ineffectively.

"Okay, well. At least we have a lead, right?"

"Yeah, I guess," Billy groans, straddling her chair and giving herself a half-hearted spin around, "So we'll check it out then. After breakfast."

"After breakfast," Steve agrees. His next sip of coffee tastes ever so slightly of cinnamon.

"Maybe you should slow down," Steve says, bracing himself against the dashboard as Billy takes yet another sharp turn at 50. He wonders if he can even be heard over The Number of the Beast. She's got both hands on the wheel, fingers clenched tight, knuckles going white. Her cigarette sways between her full lips as he speaks.

"Maybe you should shut the fuck up, Harrington. You're not the one

who woke up with a fuckin' *vagina*."

Sufficiently chastised, Steve forces himself to keep his mouth shut, to stay calm, and quietly prays they make it back to their dorm alive.

Billy comes to a screeching halt in front of the house. She whistles low and Steve is hit with an immediate Deja Vue. In the light of day it sure looks a lot less magical. The front lawn is trashed; there's piles of garbage, broken beer bottles, some poor sap passed out and covered in permanent marker and puke. The front porch doesn't look any better. As they hop out of the Camaro and make their way towards the house Steve can see the same three frat boys from the night before lounging out in lawn chairs, beers in hand.

"Uh, hey fellas," Steve calls, winces. Fellas? He's never said fellas in his entire life. Billy is looking at him like he's grown a second head. *Un-fucking-believable*, she mouths.

"What're you doing here, Frosh? Party ended a few hours ago."

"Yeah, I-I know that. It's just, do any of you remember the guy I was here with last night? The guy in the kitchen?"

There's collective laughter before the same guy speaks up, "Yeah. I remember that guy. Fuckin' loser pissed." Steve can feel Billy bristle next to him, turns to see her tongue waggling aggressively, fists clenched at her sides. The guy stands from his seat, stalks down the steps toward them as he gestures at Billy with the beer in his hand, "Don't remember seein' you, though. That's too bad. We coulda had a good time together."

"Yeah, I don't think so, pal," Billy snarls. This guy is getting too close for comfort. It's too goddamn early for a fight. Steve hasn't even had his second cup of coffee.

"Aww, would ya look at that, boys. She's feisty," he laughs, reaching out and brushing a curl out of Billy's face, "C'mon, Princess. What're you doing with this stupid Freshman, anyways? Doesn't look like he could show you much of a good time."

Steve's brows furrow and he raises his hands placatingly, "That's

really not what we're here to talk about-"

"And what, you think you could show me a good time, Big Boy?" Billy says dangerously, her lips drawing up into a mock pout. The guy howls with laughter.

"Yeah, baby. I could rock your world," he says, hand trailing from her hair, to her shoulder where he squeezes just the wrong side of too hard.

"Come on, man. Get your hands off her."

"Oh yeah? Or what?" he asks, hand slipping from Billy's shoulder, fingers caressing the side of her breast.

Steve opens his mouth to protest once more, but Billy winds up, fist connecting with the side of Frat Boy's face, successfully laying him out cold before Steve can so much as force out a single syllable.

"*Motherfucker*," Billy spits, shaking out her fingers. There's blood glistening on three of her knuckles. The guys on the porch are laughing, clearly finding it hilarious that their buddy just got laid out by a girl. Billy kicks the guy in the gut for good measure. "Let's go. These assholes are fuckin' useless."

Steve is stunned and a little bit turned on.

"Yeah, okay."

The ride back to the dorm is silent and tense. Billy doesn't even bother turning the tape deck back on. Steve plays with a loose thread on the hem of his shirt. They're down to a single lead now, and it's not even a good one. Belly button shot girl. And Steve has exactly zero confidence in Billy being able to recognize her given how gone he was.

Billy is breathing hard next to him. The blood on her knuckles is almost dry. The scent of cinnamon permeates the air. Steve decides to keep these things to himself.

"Hey. It's going to be okay, Billy," Steve says softly, reaching out and patting her thigh gently. She glances briefly down at his hand before refocusing her attention on the road ahead.

"You don't know that, Harrington," she says. She doesn't even sound mad anymore. Just sad. Somehow that's worse.

"Well, we'll figure it out. This isn't the first time we've had to deal with something...strange."

"Right," Billy scoffs. They're almost back at their dorm. If the clock in Billy's Camaro is to be believed, it's almost three in the afternoon. "I'm tired," she says, as she pulls into student parking and turns off the ignition. Steve nods. He understands. He's tired too. They hadn't got much by the way of sleep last night and today has been a shit-show to say the least.

"You head up. I'll go grab us something for lunch."

"Sure...burgers?"

"We just had burgers. The diner's 20 minutes away."

Steve's protests are met with silence.

"Okay. Burgers it is."

Of all the possibilities of all the things Steve had prepared himself for when he returned to their room with their late lunch, this had not even registered on his radar. He had prepared himself for Sleeping Billy who had collapsed into bed fully clothed and promptly passed out after the events of the day. He had prepared himself for Sad Billy who had curled herself into her stupid spinny desk chair, sobbing into Kleenex. He'd been prepared for Raging Billy, screaming at the top of her lungs while launching all of Steve's worldly possessions across the room.

Steve had not been prepared for this Billy.

Steve drops their takeaway bag onto the floor and just barely

manages to keep their milkshakes from spilling down his front. Billy's on her bed, legs spread, one hand down the open front of her jeans working frantically. Her jaw is slack as she pants, brows drawn up tight.

"Close the fucking door, Harrington."

Steve scrambles to comply. Stares hard at the poster above Billy's bed. Because Billy has absolutely not stopped what she is doing. In fact, it appears as though her hand is moving even faster.

"Oh fuck," she moans and Steve can feel his cock begin to fill despite himself, "Oh fuck. This thing is amazing!"

Steve wants to laugh. He wants to cry. He wants so many things.

"Billy, I-"

"Oh my god. *Shut up*, I'm so close."

Steve watches with rapt, horrified curiosity as Billy's back arches, hips bucking into her hand as her entire body goes taut, head thrown back as she wails. She trembles with the aftershocks, hand stilling after a moment before she opens her eyes and withdraws. Her fingers are glistening as she sits up, cheeks flushed.

"Um," Steve says intelligently, terribly aware that he is standing there like an idiot, clutching their milkshakes, sporting what is almost surely a full erection.

"Fuck, I needed that," Billy says, wiping the sweat from her brow with the back of her hand, "I'm fuckin' starving. Gimme."

Billy snatches the chocolate milkshake out of Steve's hand, her fingers warm and damp, and he shifts, feeling his cock drag against the inside of his jeans.

"Are-I'm sorry. Are we going to talk about what just happened?"

"I dunno," Billy says as she sits in her chair, taking a long pull from her shake, "We gonna talk about that?" she asks, pointing to where Steve's cock has filled out against his thigh.

Steve pulls the bottom of his jacket down ineffectively, "No. We are definitely not talking about that."

"Okay then. Burger me, Big Boy," she says with a laugh. Steve blushes, hot all over as he picks up the bag and throws it at her.

"You could've, like, put a sock on the door or something," Steve says as Billy sets about unwrapping one of the burgers without washing her hands. She takes a bite, shredded lettuce peeking out from between her lips as she shrugs.

"Didn't know I was gonna do it."

"Right," Steve replies, wincing as he sits down, cock throbbing uncomfortably. Billy looks a little bit smug as she gestures at him with her burger.

"You gonna do somethin' 'bout that?"

"Nope," Steve says glumly, placing his shake between his thighs, trying to focus on the way the cold radiates outward instead of how hot the room feels around him.

"Too bad," she says, her dark eyes boring into him.

"Billy, you're not fucking helping."

She grins at him, shark-like. *Familiar*. "Not tryin' to, Pretty Boy."

Steve waits until Billy falls asleep that night, until her breathing slows and evens out before he dares think about touching himself. He's been half-hard on and off all night. It hadn't helped that Billy seemed to enjoy the attention, enjoy baiting him. Steve shifts quietly beneath his sheets as his cock fills out against his thigh. He palms himself lightly through his boxers as he tries to conjure the image of Girl Billy in his mind, still so new.

Steve pictures her little waggling tongue, the aggressive furrow of her brow. He pictures the flush high on her cheeks, her hand working frantically between her legs. He thinks about how wet she must have

been for her fingers to have been glistening the way they did. He wraps a hand around his cock, stroking quickly, efficiently as he thinks about the sound she made when she came. He's breathing too hard and too fast, cinnamon infiltrating his nostrils, assaulting his senses. He's so close.

Steve thinks about Billy's low voice, murmuring against his ear, thinks about the flat, muscular plains of his stomach. Thinks about his hard, thick cock rutting against Steve's hip bone, smearing precome into his skin. Thinks about how Billy would growl, and moan, and beg Steve to open him up on his fingers.

Steve comes all over his fist and belly with a choked off cry. It takes Steve a long time to come back down as his body trembles against the sheets. He tries to calm himself, to refocus on Billy's breathing, steady and sure, only to find that it has shifted into a desperate sounding pant.

"*Goddamn*, Harrington," Billy groans. Fuck.

"Billy," Steve begins, cuts himself off. Wasn't sure where he was going with that anyway. I'm sorry? Please don't beat my face in?

"We gonna talk about what just happened?" she asks and Steve wants to laugh. He doesn't. He shakes his head hurriedly before realizing that Billy can't see him.

"No. Nope. We are not."

"Hmm," she hums, "Okay. Guess we won't talk about how wet you just made me."

Steve's heart hammers in his chest, throat constricting in panic. He wipes his hand off on his boxers, rolls onto his stomach, and shoves his face into his pillow.

"Go back to sleep, Billy," he says, muffled, but his tone leaves no room for discussion.

As Steve had fallen asleep that night he had been expecting to wake to a certain level of discomfort, of awkwardness over what had happened between them. He had not been expecting to wake up to a pillow coming down directly onto his sleeping face. Hard.

"Wake. Up. Harrington, I'm dying!"

Steve's got to cut Billy a little bit of slack, because she does sound distressed, her voice pitched higher than he has come to recognize over the last 24 hours. As he slides the pillow off his face he's met with Billy pacing anxiously back and forth the length of the room in an over-sized t-shirt, arms held out far in front of her. Steve fleetingly realizes the shirt is his.

"I thought-I thought I was just wet, like last night when you-but I. Are you listening!? I'm bleeding!"

Steve's brain is sleep-slow and it takes him a moment to piece together what she's saying, to focus on her words, on her red, outstretched fingertips. Oh. He swallows hard as he sits up. She's scared, that much is clear. He clears his throat, tries to choose his words carefully.

"Billy. Billy, it's okay. You're not dying." Billy stops pacing, pins Steve with her wide eyes, still holding her bloody fingers away from her body. "I think you might have your period?"

"My period," Billy repeats, dumbstruck.

"Well, you, ah, you said you were wet. Like last night, but," he gestures toward her hands, "Are you in any pain?" Billy blinks at him, hands immediately flying to her lower abdomen, below her belly button. She smears a little blood on Steve's shirt in the process, but that's a problem for another time."Cramping?" he asks, not unkindly. Billy nods her head, bottom lip trembling.

"This is fuckin' *stupid*," she says finally, "Being a fuckin girl just wasn't enough!"

As hysterical as she is, which is very understandable given their current predicament, this is familiar territory for Steve. Steve's had

girlfriends. Girlfriends have periods. He'd learned a lot, being with Nancy. From which tampon brands were more favorable, to which painkillers helped best to keep the pain at bay. From keeping treats, both sweet and salty, on hand, to exactly how hot a hot water bottle needs to be ease any discomfort.

"Okay," Steve says as he stands and begins dressing hastily, "I'm going to go run out real quick and grab some things. Try to sneak into the girl's wing, take a hot shower. You'll feel better once you're cleaned up, okay?"

"Yeah, okay."

It's bizarre, Steve thinks, as he stands facing the wall of feminine hygiene products in the nearest drug store he could find. He hasn't had to do this in almost a year. And Billy is absolutely the last person Steve would have figured he'd be doing it for.

He's torn between taking his time, choosing everything just right, and getting back to Billy as soon as humanly possible. He settles on the happy medium of buying one of almost everything. Tampons and pads, because he's not about to presume Billy's preference. A hot water bottle that comes with a soft, fuzzy slip. A big bottle of extra strength Midol. A six pack of generic looking women's underwear. A pack of wet wipes. And a whole lot of chocolate and potato chips.

When Steve returns Billy is sitting on her bed, wrapped in her towel, damp hair dripping down her shoulders. Her knees are drawn up to her chest and she's rocking ever so slightly. He starts by cracking open the Midol and passing her the glass of water on her nightstand and she downs the pills quickly.

"God, this shit fuckin' hurts, Harrington."

"I know. The pills will help, but," he trails off.

"But what?

"Until they kick in I have a hot water bottle, or..."

Billy looks ready to bite his head off, " Spit it the fuck out."

Steve's been thinking about how to broach the subject. At this stage in the game it can't be anymore awkward than anything else they've suffered. Steve saw Billy get herself off. Heard Steve get himself off right next to her. Like ripping off a band-aid, he decides.

"Or you could get yourself off," he says. Billy looks like she's waiting for the punch line to a joke. "Orgasms are actually really good for the pain."

"But," Billy begins, looking uncomfortable again, "It's all gross down there."

Steve smiles gently, shakes his head as he sits down next to her, "It's not gross. It's normal. Every girl goes through it." Billy snorts.

"Yeah well, I'm not every girl, am I?"

Steve laughs, "No, I guess not."

"I tried fingering myself this morning, well, before," Billy says suddenly, unprompted.

Steve feels the heat of her words clap him so hard he goes dizzy with it, forces out a strangled, "Oh."

"I'm not very good at it. The angle was shit and my wrist hurt." Steve's not sure where she's going with this. Or maybe he is. Maybe he's just projecting his own desires. His traitorous cock is beginning to thicken up in his jeans and he presses his thighs together. "Would you...Christ, this is so fuckin' weird, I'll add it to the goddamn list, but would you, you know. Be willing to give me a hand?"

"A hand," Steve repeats dumbly, but his fingers are already twitching at his side.

"Your hand. Specifically."

"Just so we're clear here, you are asking me to get you off. With my hand." Billy's blushing now, but she's looking determined as she nods. Steve swallows hard, wipes his sweaty palms against his jeans. He's

well on his way to being hard now. His voice cracks as he gives her her answer, "Okay."

Billy looks surprised. Pleased, even. "Okay," she says, "So, should I just, like, lay back?"

"Sure," Steve says as Billy flops back against her pillows. Steve runs a hand up her thigh, just beneath the hem of her towel, "Okay?" he asks, pausing as he waits for her reply.

"'m fine, keep going," Billy whispers. Steve allows his fingers to climb as he leans down, uses his other hand to part the towel as Billy spreads her legs for him. Steve sucks on his bottom lip as he takes in the little thatch of dark blonde curls and the pink, glistening folds below. There's the faintest hint of red, but she's definitely wet. Steve runs the pad of his thumb gently up her slit to her clit, massages softly. Billy response is immediate, her legs falling further open as she moans, "Feels good."

Steve's cock gives a throb as places his middle finger at her entrance and slowly pushes inside, encouraged by Billy's little "Uh huh"s. She's hot and slick and so fucking tight. He fucks his finger in and out carefully, thumb still working her clit. He waits until she begins fucking herself back onto his finger before pressing the tip of his ring finger against her.

"Oh fuck!"

Steve takes that as an affirmative and begins pressing a second finger inside. His fingers are damp with her slick and blood as he opens her up. He fucks in deep, curls his fingers, and watches as her mouth drops open, toes curling, "I'm coming," she cries, though he needs no warning because Steve can feel it in the way she clenches down on him hard, the way her body gives a hot gush of warm fluid that soaks his fingers.

Steve moans, pushing his hips into the mattress as she comes on his fingers. He can't remember the last time he was this fucking hard, this fucking desperate to come. It takes Billy a moment to catch her breath, but when she opens her eyes Steve finds her pupils are blown. She whines as she sits up on her elbows, Steve's fingers slipping from

her.

"Billy," Steve pants.

Billy pushes up, catches Steve's mouth with her own. It's hot and sloppy and she whimpers into the kiss. It's not how Steve would have ever pictured their first kiss, but it's good just the same. Steve hisses as her hand finds his cock over his jeans, "Off, take them off," she growls.

"Billy," Steve says again.

"Come on, Pretty Boy. Fuck me."

A part of Steve wants to be chivalrous.To ask her is she's sure. To offer to get her off with his fingers again. To tell her this isn't about him, that he doesn't need to come. But she sounds more sure of herself now than she has this entire time, sounds more like Boy Billy, Old Billy, University Billy. No holds barred. She works his fly open expertly, single-handedly and slips inside. Her fingers are soft and warm, so small as they curl around his length. She runs her thumb over his slit and Steve finds himself thinking about blunt nails, thick ringed fingers, and calluses.

"Steve, I swear to fuckin' God," she warns as she retracts her hand and flicks his cock. He's taken aback by the sound of his name on her lips; not Harrington, not Pretty Boy, just Steve.

"Shit," Steve says as he pushes Billy back onto the bed, rough enough to make her smile. He shoves his pants and briefs down his hips before Billy's pressing a small foil packet into his hand. And boy, it's a good thing that one of them is with it. Steve feels guilty, it should have been him, but it's fleeting. It takes him a few tries to tear it open with slick fingers, but he makes it work. rolls it down the length of his cock and Billy moans as she watches, fingers rubbing her clit.

"Jesus Christ, look at you, huh? So fuckin' hung. Gonna split me right open with that thing."

If Billy keeps up the constant stream of filth this whole thing is going to be over before it even begins. Steve fists his cock lightly as he

sinks down into the cradle of her thighs, props himself up on a forearm as he runs the tip of his cock up and down her wet slit before lining up. Billy's already arching up and into him. Steve sinks in without further preamble.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," she swears as Steve watches her body stretch to accommodate him, one thick inch after another. Steve has to hold his breath, she's so damn tight around him it almost hurts. He pauses, buried so deep inside her, can feel her wet heat almost rippling around him.

"Are you okay?" he asks, prepared to get a slap for his concern, but she nods instead. Her breathing rattles though her chest, her nipples hard and grazing his chest teasingly with every heaving breath. He withdraws, just a little before pushing back inside, watches her eyes widen, her lips part in a silent moan. He does it again, a little bit harder and she gasps, a wet sound that gets caught in her throat.

Billy's draws her legs up and around him, arms curling around his shoulders as Steve's hair falls into his face. He picks up the pace, finds a steady rhythm that has her growling and mewling, clawing at his skin. "God, you feel so good," Billy murmurs, the words punched out of her with every snap of Steve's hips. He moves to slip a hand between them, but she catches his hand in hers, pulls and twines their fingers above her head, "No. Like this, " she says, "Just like this. Don't stop."

Steve drops his head into the damp crook of Billy's neck with a moan, hips stuttering just a bit as the scent of cinnamon overwhelms him. It's not long before Billy's body begins to tighten almost impossibly around him. She goes taut, her back arching as she clamps down around him and comes hard with with a sharp cry. Steve presses his lips to hers, swallows the sound as she shakes against him.

Steve shifts, cradling Billy's head in his hands, fingers tangling into her curls as he fucks in and stills, cock pulsing as he comes. Billy whines into his mouth as he does and he knows it's because she can feel him coming. He stays like that for a while, inside her, surrounding her as they float back down to earth. When he dares, Steve he eases out as gently as he can and pushes himself up onto his forearms to find that Billy is crying, silent tears cling to her dark

lashes and spill down her cheeks.

"Shit, did I hurt you?" he asks, searching her features.

"No. No, you were so damn good, Pretty Boy. Couldn't have asked for a better first time," she says wryly and there's a disconnect between her tone and expression. It's a thought that hadn't occurred to him, that Billy's body would be a blank slate. It's a thought that makes Steve feel too many things at once. He strokes the damp curls off her forehead.

"Then what is it?"

"What if I don't turn back? What if I'm stuck like this?"

Steve wants to tell her that it will be okay. That they'll figure it out. He's said these words before, but now they just feel hollow; and Billy's been lied to too many times in her -*in his*- life. Steve knows he's told just as many lies as Billy's heard. "Let's get you cleaned up," is what he says instead.

When they fall back into bed, clean and exhausted, Billy allows Steve to pull her against his chest and hold her. "This stays between us," she says, and for a moment Steve wants to laugh, because who would ever believe them anyway, but she continues, "I got a reputation to uphold. Can't have everyone knowin' the tough guy likes to snuggle."

Steve does laugh then, strokes a hand down her arm. "Our little secret," he agrees.

They stay like that, wrapped around one another, until the sound of Steve's heartbeat lulls Billy to sleep. Steve follows.

By some miracle it's the warmth of the sunlight streaming through the window that wakes Steve instead of the sound of shrill screaming for the third day in a row. Steve blinks up at the ceiling, his gaze obscured by sleep and blonde curls. The events of last night come rushing back and Steve tries to swallow down his panic. He and Billy had slept together. A hand. She'd asked for a hand, and he had given her so much more. They'd both felt so much more.

Despite his best efforts, Steve must be unable to regulate his breathing because the next thing he hears is a deep, masculine rumble of, "Cut it out, Harrington. I can hear your fuckin' brain from here."

A deep, masculine rumble. Steve's sits up so fast he goes dizzy with it. Billy is squinting up at him from behind a mess of curls, thick brows furrowed, "The fuck is your deal?" Billy asks and then his eyes are widening and he's sitting up too, the sheets pooling around them. "Holy shit!" he cries, hands flying to his face, scraping against his stubble, down his firm chest and muscular abdominals, and lower still. Steve goes hot as Billy curls his thick fingers around his even thicker cock and *whoops*.

"I'm fuckin' back!" he cries, punching Steve excitedly in the arm. It hurts like hell, and Steve rubs his bicep but he can't stop the grin that spreads across his face.

"You're back," Steve confirms, has no idea how it's happened, has no idea what any of this means. Billy can't seem to stop smiling, the genuine smile that Steve has so rarely seen in the past. Billy can't seem to stop touching himself, running his hands over his arms and legs as though he's checking for missing parts. "I wonder how-but, I guess it doesn't really matter. What matters is that you're you."

Billy shrugs, chews on his bottom lip, "Maybe it was that magic dick of your, Pretty Boy," he says, cheeks pinking uncharacteristically.
"Oh God, right" Steve says humorlessly, "Laugh it up."

Billy swallows.

"Hey, I'm-I'm not laughin'," he says quietly. Steve meets Billy's gaze cautiously. "Listen, I wouldn't have made it through these past couple days without you. And what happened between us," Steve holds his breath, waits for Billy to continue, "*Well*, I'd like to think that it woulda happened eventually anyways. You know, minus the whole me havin' a pussy thing."

"Oh," Steve finds himself saying.

"Oh? I'm givin' you a fuckin' speech and all you can say is-"

Whatever else Billy may have been winding up to say becomes lost on Steve's lips. Billy kisses back like he's starving for it. The sensation is similar to how it had been the night before, but the scrape of Billy's stubble against Steve's skin, the sharp bite of his teeth and thick twist of his tongue make it so much better. Steve clutches at Billy's muscular shoulders, hangs on for dear life as Billy moans into his mouth.

"God, you feel so good," Billy says against his lips, an echo of last night, and the gruff rumble of his voice has Steve trembling. Steve splays his hands out wide across Billy's chest, drags his fingers down the hard plains of his stomach. This is it, Steve thinks, this is what is was always supposed to feel like.

Billy tangles his fingers into Steve's hair and tugs until Steve collapses against him, until they fall back against the sheets and Steve can feel the cut of Billy's cock digging desperately into his hip. Billy hooks a leg behind Steve's knee, pulls down as he ruts up and into Steve who breaks the kiss with a moan.

"Are we doing this?" Steve asks, and it sounds so simple when he puts it like that. But it's not. It's a question layered with implications and he knows that Billy knows that. Billy strokes his hands down Steve's back and Steve shivers at the drag of Billy's calluses against his skin. He can feel Billy's heart hammering against his own through the cages of of their chests.

"If you want to," Billy says quietly, giving Steve an out. He doesn't want it. He should have known from the minute he walked through their door that it was going to be all or nothing. Neither one of them has ever done anything half-hearted. Why would this have been any different?

"Yeah," Steve says finally, "I want to."

"Okay."

"Okay," Steve replies, their urgency forgotten as he buries his face into the crook of Billy's neck, nuzzling just behind his ear, the cool metal of his earring brushing against Steve's nose. Curiously, the cloying scent of cinnamon no longer lingers. "Hmm."

"Hmm?" Billy asks, stroking his fingers through Steve's hair.

"Nothing, just. You smell different."

"Oh yeah?" Billy says with a laugh, "What do I smell like?"

Steve takes a deep, purposeful breath through his nose, Billy's curls tickling at him almost playfully in the process. *Home*, is what Steve decides after a moment. But he's going to keep that to himself for now.

Author's Note:

So. Moral of the story is...Don't drink Fireball, kids.

JK. I have no idea ¯_(ツ)_/¯